

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No foorth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Roderigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: shee is drown'd already sir with salt water; though I seeme to drawne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgieue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee: I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olinia*?

Viola. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. Shee returns this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. Shee adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Viola. Shee tooke the Ring of me, He none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peculiarly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Viola. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For shee did speake in starts distractedly.

Shee loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuites me in this churlish messenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poore Lady, shee were better loue a dreame:

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee:

How will this fadge? My master loues her deereley,

And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My fate is desperate for my maisters loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olinia* breath?

O time, thou must vtangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Delicula surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a stoop of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the fooleyfaith.

Clow. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legges, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Uapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Quenbus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee fixe pence for

forthy Lemon, hadst it?

Clow. I did impetuous thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

Clow. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a Clow. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

And. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistress mine where are you roving?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting.

Tourneys end in louers meeting,

Every wise mans sonne doth know.

And. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clow. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vntrue.

In delay there lies no plentie,

Then comes kisse me sweet and twentie:

Touls a staffe will not endure.

And. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

And. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clow. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*.

Clow. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knaue, knight.

And. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clow. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

And. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwallowing doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolios*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a Carayan, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramie, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I conflagunious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally, Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady*.

Clow. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

And. I, hee do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: hee does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolios.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeake out your Cozi-ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clow. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clow. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clow. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clow. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, yelie: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clow. Yes by *S. Anne*, and *Ginger* shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stoop of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; the shall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

And. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doe't knight, hee writte thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby* be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Maluolios*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

And. O, if I thought that, I'd beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

And. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Assie, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as hee thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legges, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, hee shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

And. I hau't in my nose too.

To. Hee shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that